

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1813.

[NO. 19]

The Intelligent Traveller ;

OR,
HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued.)

"IT is your father, your truly sorrowing father, my ever dear Nancy, who is come to ask your forgiveness; and to say that he will try to make amends for the past."

"Amends! who can make me amends for the loss of an adored husband?" starting from the couch with an air of phrenzy, she exclaimed—then rushing into his arms, she dropped her head upon his shoulders, and sobbed out, "yet I know—I have long felt that I was to blame—but my punishment has been great; I have suffered severely for one act of disobedience—yet, had you but known half the worth of my beloved Henry, you would have pardoned my fault."

"Compose yourself, my dear Nancy," replied the father, whilst tears of tenderness and remorse rolled rapidly down his cheeks; "I should long, long ago, have forgiven you, but for that vile fellow Wilkinson; but that gentleman, (pointing to me) has proved a guardian angel to me; for to him do I owe the happiness which I now enjoy, in once more folding to my heart the only treasure of my existence; but Nancy, tell me, can you forgive your father?"

"Forgive you! Oh, my father! I ought to implore forgiveness, for disposing of my person without your consent; yet I was so ardently beloved, so tenderly treated by my adored husband, that, amidst all our sufferings, I was comparatively a happy woman: but come, my father, you will accompany me, you will not refuse to give his lifeless form one parental kiss!"

There was a wildness in Anna's look, as she made this request to her father, which gave me reason to fear her intellects were disordered; and, taking her tenderly by the hand, whilst I endeavoured to dissuade her from visiting the departed, I found it actually burning with a violent fever.

As well might I have attempted to turn the course of the weather, as to divert her from the purpose she had formed; and in compliance with her wishes, we accompanied her to the chamber of death; when, throwing herself upon the lifeless body, she uttered the most piercing shrieks; and, until nature was exhausted by the violence of its own suffering, all attempts to remove her proved vain.

The father of this hapless young woman had a particular friend in Newgate street, to whose house she was conveyed in a state of insensibility; and, finding the poor man incapable of giving any directions respecting the funeral, I took that office upon myself; and on that evening had the body of poor Lushington removed to an undertaker's upon Snow Hill, and at the expiration of four days saw it interred decently, but without any parade.

Having paid the last duty to the memory of the unfortunate Lushington, and obtained satisfactory intelligence respecting his wife, according to my usual mode of travelling, I secured a place in the D—stage, resolving to follow the advice of my attorney, and try whether my aunt's unprincipled housekeeper was to be won over by a bribe. Though my own fortune is sufficiently ample to procure me all the comforts of existence, yet, when I reflected upon the mental and personal attractions my adored Louisa possessed, I considered the bequest of my deceased aunt in a light totally different to what I should have done, had I merely regarded riches for myself. That I was not actually indifferent to the amiable Louisa, observation had convinced me; and that I possessed no small portion of her respected father's esteem, was no less evident, from his manner towards me, and from the assurance he had given me when I tore myself away. Yet as wealth is an attractive magnet in the eyes of most parents, I was persuaded Mr Middleton would expect an ample settlement for his daughter, and I resolved if I obtained my legacy, to settle the whole of it upon her; provided my hopes were realized, and the dear angel consented to bless me with her hand. This idea was sufficient to stimulate exertion, and make me resolve not to relinquish my claim, for though an open appeal to law could do little in my favour, yet I flattered myself with the hope that, for a large sum of money, the housekeeper's confidence might be obtained. Full of this hope I entered the vehicle having first examined the book, for the purpose of making myself acquainted with my fellow traveller's names, when that of Benson struck me, and I thought it probable the person might be related to my deceased aunt's unprincipled housekeeper.

The coachman, at my request, had pointed out the party to me, as he was impatiently fretting and fuming at the stage not being ready to set off, declaring that if we did not quit the inn in 5 minutes, he should be under the necessity of travelling post. Though this threat neither appeared to hasten nor retard our journey, yet the striking of the clock was a signal for our departure, when Mr. Benson skipped into the coach with the alacrity of a harlequin, and unceremoniously squeezed himself between two females who occupied the front seat, although there was ample space in the back one, as no person was seated on it but myself. The elder of the two ladies, whose corpulent figure reminded me of a Wapping landlady, soon began to evince striking marks of displeasure, by drawing up her petticoat, and muttering inwardly something about the inconvenience of travelling in a stage.

Finding that hints availed little, and that her companion was resolved to remain in close quarters, she at length fixed her sturdy arms to her side, and by this elegant attitude so completely penned up poor Benson, that his lungs seemed scarcely to have room to play; and bursting through the barrier which had re-

strained him, he darted into the opposite seat, exclaiming, he believed the fair one would be a match for Mendoza, or even Big Ben.

The storm, which had long evidently been gathering, now burst upon the devoted Benson's head; who parried off the attacks of his acurrilous antagonist with a vein of humour that augmented her indignation and spleen. It was in vain that the young female endeavoured to soften the resentment of her grandmother, by observing that her nervous system would suffer by the exertion she made; for the friendly remark, instead of appeasing, only added fuel to flame. As I saw the poor girl was evidently disconcerted, I endeavoured to give a new turn to the discourse, and as Benson seemed nearly to have exhausted his stock of wit, he took off his hat with an air of gravity, and bowing to his opponent, declared her conqueror; then turning to me, with an arch look said, he hoped it would not be deemed an act of cowardice to yield the palm of victory to a being formed by nature to subdue.

Good humour having been restored by this concession, the fair Amazonian desired her grand daughter to open the little red trunk and give her a drop of cordial, declaring herself ready to expire. The young woman, with evident confusion obeyed the mandate; when, seizing the flask with avidity, she raised it to her lips, then with a smile, which proved the forgiving sweetness of her temper, she wiped the mouth of the flasket, and presented it to Benson; who courteously receiving it from her rosy hand, began singing, "And when her lip the brim had pressed, the cup with nectar flowed."

As I was desirous of discovering whether my facetious fellow-traveller was any relation to the woman I had so much reason to despise, I carelessly enquired whether we were all likely to be companions till the close of the day.—The ladies answered in the affirmative; but Benson ingeniously informed me, he expected to find a horse and servant waiting for him at the Crown at C—, "for in fact," continued he, "though my spirits seldom fail me, yet I am actually travelling upon a business of life or death; a relation of mine you must know, Sir, is dying, and I am summoned to make her will."

"It is a melancholy, though necessary employment," I added; "is your relation a young or an elderly man?"—"Neither," replied Benson; "she is a spinster, about five and forty, and as knowing a one as ever lived; but from a letter I got last night, I find she has a few qualms of conscience; and faith between ourselves, she may very well have, for I fancy she has been what I call electioneering, or, in other words, has been bribed to do wrong—However, I will have nothing to do with foul play; for though the world declares there is no such thing as an honest lawyer, I mean to give the world the lie."

By what a singular train of circumstances are the iniquitous ways of the world unravelled! It was now evident to me, that this honest lawyer, was my aunt's housekeeper's relation;

I therefore resolved, when we reached C—, to disclose my name and situation to him, and tell him the plan I intended to pursue. When we drove into the Crown yard, I perceived a servant and two horses waiting, who eagerly demanded whether a gentleman of the name of Benson was in the coach; and being answered in the affirmative, he informed my companion he had not any time to lose, as the doctor declared he did not think it possible his patient could live four and twenty hours. I instantly requested five minutes conversation with the worthy Benson, who no sooner heard my name, than he sprang from his seat, and seizing my hand, shook it with so much violence, that I actually thought he would have dislocated my wrist—His advice was, that I should follow him, and put up my horse at a small public-house at the end of the town, where he promised to meet me as soon as he possibly could.

(To be continued).

ZARIADRES AND ODATIS.

(Concluded from our last.)

BUT the same sympathy which had caused Zariadres to send his messengers to her father's Court, informed Odatis that the prince who demanded her was the real object of her passion; and, for the first time in her life, she felt a secret pang when the offers of her suitor were rejected, and the ambassadors sent back with a positive refusal. However, virgin modesty, and the shame that must have attended the confession of so strange and wonderful an attachment, prevented her from saying a word against the sentence of her father—From that moment a deep melancholy took possession of her, and she pined away insensibly.

In the mean-while the time arrived which Omartis had fixed in his own mind for the nuptials of the princess. It was a very general custom throughout the East, that, when a prince or powerful nobleman was bent upon the marriage of his daughter, he gave a sumptuous feast, and invited to it all those who were her suitors, or such of the great men of his Court as he thought worthy of her; and that, when all the guests were assembled, the virgin bestowed a goblet on him, of all the company, whom she preferred, and who was immediately declared her husband.—When Odatis was informed of her father's determination, though she had long expected it, her heart sank within her, and despair took possession of her mind. In vain did she allege all the motives that her imagination could suggest to dissuade the king from his purpose; her disinclination to marriage, her contentedness in her present state, her youth, her affection for her father, all were alleged in vain. Omartis attributed her apparent diffidence to virgin coyness or modesty, and he proceeded to appoint the day of her nuptials. At this critical time the good Genius who had hitherto presided over their mutual friendship, attended Odatis and Zariadres, and directed her to send to the Prince of Meopour, which still remained on the borders of the neighbouring river, information of the king's design. From that time her anxieties but hours and days rolled on, and she was seen or heard of her lover. She could imagine but that he had desisted from his pursuit of an object, in which he had once experienced a repulse?

The day at last arrived on which Omartis had determined that his daughter should declare her choice of a husband. All the nobles were, therefore, assembled at the royal court, and a magnificent banquet set forth, at which the king declared his purpose to the whole company. The bowl had now gone freely round, and all hearts beat with transport or with solicitude at the prospect of the approaching decision, according as vanity or confidence more or less prevailed in their minds.

At length the Princess was summoned into the hall, where she received, with modest submission, her father's commands. 'Take this goblet of wine,' said Omartis, 'cast your eyes around this noble company, and present the draught to him whom you select for your husband.' The trembling Odatis took the cup. She anxiously cast her eyes around her, but Zariadres was not in the hall. She could not disobey the royal and paternal injunction, but delayed the fatal choice as long as modesty and duty would permit.

At length, pale and sorrowful, she was just about to bestow the goblet upon the worthiest of the princes, when, suddenly, there entered a stranger, in haste, whose noble and beautiful aspect struck all the beholders with admiration and wonder.—Odatis uttered a shriek of joy, and the presented goblet was seized with transport by the unknown youth; and, while the king and his train remained motionless with astonishment, the Princess was borne away in triumph by her successful lover, mounted on the fleetest of his horses, and in a few hours found herself in the arms and on the throne of Zariadres.

For ages after, the barbarians of Asia commemorated with enthusiasm the fortunate loves of Zariadres and Odatis; they painted them in their palaces and temples; they sung them at their feasts and games; and the names of Odatis was universally given to the daughters of their princes and satraps."

ARTEMISIA THE SECOND,

HAS immortalized her memory by the possession of great qualities, and the excess of conjugal regard; for, upon the death of her husband Mausolus, she displayed the most affecting symptoms of grief. She ordered a superb monument to be erected to his memory, from whence the term *mausoleum* took its rise. She daily visited the spot where his ashes were deposited, mixed water with the earth which covered him, and then drank it down, for the purpose (as she said) of becoming the living tomb of her departed lord! She offered the richest prizes to those who should excel in composing a panegyric upon his virtues, when Socrates, and his pupil Theopomus, entered the lists; but the productions of the latter were allowed to excel those of his master, and the prize was adjudged to him. Though the heart of this queen was a prey to the most violent sorrow, yet she did not suffer a useless inactivity to interfere with the exalted duties of her state, but took the command of her army in a war against the Rhodians, and is said to have performed many wonderful exploits.

IN former ages men were afraid of nothing but cowardice. Even riches, which now make men so fond of life, and consequently so timid, then made men brave; for every body was forced to defend his own property, or the stronger would have invaded it.

ON PEACE.

PEACE is the ultimate wish of all men; for however we desire to exercise our faculties in the acquiring of knowledge, riches, or honour, we all look forward to a state of peace and tranquility, in which alone, we think, we can enjoy them. In this happy state it is, that the mechanic hopes to rest from his incessant labours, the merchant expects to enjoy his riches, the soldier to be secure from toils and dangers, and the statesman to lay aside his anxious cares. So agreeable to the mind of man is a state of peace and tranquility, that all the poets of antiquity have supposed that this state existed, originally, when man was first created; and that it was insensibly changed into a worse, as man grew wicked and depraved. Hence the poetical descriptions of the golden age, the silver age, the brazen age, and the iron age; which last always means the present age. Peace, on earth, was the benediction announced by the angels at the birth of Christ, the PRINCE OF PEACE, as the greatest benefit that could be bestowed on man. Peace gives the human faculties liberty to expand themselves, and has generally been styled the nurse of the arts. For, when a nation is at peace, it generally rises to improvements of every kind. But however desirable peace may be, if unaccompanied by virtue, it is often productive of as many evils as war. The riches acquired in peace, are apt to give a taste for luxury and prodigality; and lead to profligacy. The quiet and ease men enjoy by peace, have a tendency to make them careless and indolent; dispositions which put them off their guard, and render them liable to every other vice. Nay, peace may be said, naturally to generate war. Security is the parent of self-sufficiency; self-sufficiency of insolence, and insolence of litigation; thus peace, the most desirable thing on earth, by the depravity of man, who is not virtuous enough to bear it, becomes in the end productive of the most dreadful scourge of human nature, a state of war upon the whole. Therefore, we may conclude, that without religion and virtue no state can afford true enjoyment; and that the best things on earth, if not properly enjoyed, will often be productive of the worst.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

An author without originality, is like a courtier who is always dressed in the fashion; nobody minds the colour or make of his coat: if it is ill made it is criticised: if not, what can be said on it? Hundreds are dressed as well. Booksellers and salesmen lay up the book or the coat the moment the fashion of it is passed, till they can sell either in the country.

When flatterers compliment great men for virtues that are the very reverse of their characters; they remind me of the story of a little boy, who was apt to tell people of any remarkable defect in their persons. One day, a gentleman who had an extraordinary large nose, being to dine with the boy's parents, his mother charged him not to say any thing of the gentleman's large nose.—When he arrived the child stared at him, and then turning to his mother, said—"Mamma, what a pretty little nose that gentleman has."

The voice of the people is only the voice of truth, when some man of abilities has had time to get fast hold of the GREAT NOSE of the monster. Of course, local fame is generally a clamour, and dies away.

HISTORIC PASSAGE.

Epaminondas, the great Theban general, gained the celebrated battle of Mantinea: but, before the scale of victory declared in his favour, he received a javelin in his breast, whose effect, a few hours after the fight proved mortal.

Being carried into his tent, and having recovered his speech, he asked his attendants, 'What is become of my shield? Is it safe, or have the enemy taken it?' On it's being produced to him, he kissed it with a transport of joy; his next inquiry was, 'who are conquerors?'—'The Thebans,' answered they;—to which he replied, 'Then all is well: I have lived long enough, if I die unsubdued at last.' In trying to withdraw the javelin from his breast, the shaft, which was of wood, broke, and left the point, which was of iron and barbed, buried deep in the wound. On being given to understand by his surgeons that, as soon as the remainder of the weapon should be extracted, death must ensue, he said with the most intrepid serenity, 'Think not that this day puts a period to my life! No, on this my happiness begins, and my glory receives its perfection. I leave my country victorious—the power of her enemy broken, and Greece in general emancipated from slavery.'

Some of the by-standers expressed a regret that so great a man should die childless. To whom the expiring hero answered, "My friends, you are mistaken, Epaminondas does not quit the world without issue; I leave behind me two daughters, Leuctra and Mantinea." Places in the neighbourhood of which he had gained two illustrious victories.

As party-spirit too frequently publishes false or exaggerated accounts of things, we give the following excuse of a London editor, charged with the like doing as

AN APOLOGY.

IT is our business (says the London editor) to record intelligence as it comes to hand, true or false, of which we cannot always judge on its arrival. It is equally necessary that we maintain our families, and obtain good interest for our capital, by means of the public patronage. If our patrons prefer truth, we have every inducement to deal in truth only; but, if falsehood and exaggeration are the only species of news which will pass generally current, is it to be expected that a Newspaper proprietor should make a useless sacrifice of himself, his family, and property, from a squeamish regard to abstract truth? We have been told from the highest law authority, that to pass pleasantly through life, something more is requisite than "the innocence of the dove;" and in humouring, rather than kicking against, the public prejudices, the Newspaper proprietors do but add "the wisdom of the serpent."

In plain language, the Newspapers are made to sell; and the sole rivalry among the proprietors is naturally directed to the sale. Among us, the greatest man is he who possesses the paper of the greatest sale, and this can only be effected by humouring the public, not in gratifying the wise few who form, as the Quack Doctors well know, but one in ten of the community.

[Here follows an illustration of the above doctrine in the publication of certain articles of popular, but exaggerated news, by which he beat his rival and others of the profession, in the sale of his papers, in proportion to the stretching he had introduced into it; and then says,]

On a subsequent comparison of the sales we found that we had sold above twelve hundred extra papers, while our rival did not sell an extra five hundred; and as we both distanced every other paper in the quality and quantity of news, none of them sold an extra score, though every paper contained the same official document, and precisely the same intelligence!

Let your fool-hardy sticklers for truth, unless indeed they are of that perverse race who prefer martyrdom to happiness, tell me what I could have done better to serve my own interest; as there is nothing peculiar in the alledged venality of Newspapers; our policy being akin to that of other traders, who set off their goods to the best advantage, endeavour to gratify the public, and make the most of their time, talents, and capital.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

BY the letter of marque schooner Sabine, arrived at Cape Ann, from Nantz, French news is received to the 29th July; by which it appears that the Armistice between France and Russia had been extended to the middle of August; but that tho' there were hopes of a continental peace likely to grow out of it, still mighty preparations were making in France to carry on the war, in case it should not turn out so.

It would seem as if the armistice was confined to France and Russia only, as the other powers at war continue their operations against each other, viz. Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Portugal and England.

Several prizes to our privateers had arrived in France; and the Léo privateer of Baltimore had arrived at L'Orient. She had taken 4 prizes, two of which had arrived in France. She carried in 60,000 dollars in specie, taken out of one of her prizes; one of which was a rich homeward bound Indiaman, worth 500,000 dollars, which she took by boarding, and was conveying her to France, when she fell in with a sloop of war which captured her. The privateersmen tried to sacrifice the privateer, for the safety of their prize; but the sloop of war took no notice of them, and went in pursuit of the ship.

A ship and a schr. both laden with fish, had arrived at Bourdeaux, prizes to commodore Rodgers.

Another report of the commodore's taking the Magician frigate lately on the banks of Newfoundland, is succeeded by news from London of July 10, (which most likely is correct) that he had been upon the coast of Norway, and had watered at Bergen, which place he had left in quest of English vessels from Greenland.

A London paper of July 8, says, "The American envoys have arrived at Copenhagen, to excite new animosities against Great-Britain, and the cause of Europe. We cannot flatter ourselves with any prospect of peace from them, since they have commenced their diplomatic tour by a visit to Copenhagen." [Star.]

It is said the British have sent a considerable Naval force round Cape Horn to look for the Essex, and to break up our trading station at Columbia River, on the N. W. coast of America.

By an arrival at Boston from Bayonne, in 36 days, verbal information is said to have been received, that Marshal Soult, had collected an army of about 45,000 men, with which he had entered Spain by the pass of St. Jean Pied de Port; that in consequence of this, the combined army had raised the sieges of Pampeluna and St. Sebastians. In regaining possession of the passes the French is said to have lost 3000 men.

The Buffalo Gazette of August 31, says, "That on Tuesday morning last, the 24th, the British made another attack upon our picquets near the Light House at Fort George: that two of the picquets sustained the fire and repulsed him, but that one was driven in with loss, but to what extent we can't say."

"That on Friday the 27th, the British fleet of eight sail appeared again off Fort Niagara, and some shots were exchanged with one of their schooners and the Fort." From these repeated attacks, it would seem as if the enemy had a mind to try the works of Fort George.

Accounts from the same quarter indicate great preparations for the invasion of Upper Canada by the troops under gen. Harrison.

Nor are there less by the Northern army at Sacketts Harbour and on Lake Champlain, for an attack on Kingston or Montreal, when the ascendancy on the lakes shall warrant it.

The Charleston papers mention that on Friday the 27th Aug. they had been visited with one of those disasters which of late years had so frequently desolated that city and seaboard, in one of the most tremendous gales of wind from the N. and E. that ever was felt upon the coast. In the detail of its effects we notice immense damage and loss by the breaking in of the sea (which continued its flood three hours longer than usual) upon the lower parts of the city: the violence of the wind at the same time driving vessels ashore, unroofing many, and blowing down several houses;

sweeping fences, trees, bridges, all before it, and destroying the crops on the shores of the neighbouring islands and the coast.

We have accounts from Martinique, Dominico, Havana, &c. of a similar destructive hurricane having gone through the West-India Islands about the 23d of July.

It is stated to have been so violent at Dominico, as to have levelled every thing standing with the earth; killing and wounding a great many people, with many missing, supposed to be blown over the cliffs. Immense damage has also been done to the shipping here and at New-Providence, and the other islands.

From Savannah it is said that the British brig of war Moselle, had struck upon some breakers near Port Royal and was entirely lost. Crew saved by the Colibri brig her consort.

The British sloop of war Persian, in chasing the privateer Saucy Jack, it is said is wrecked on the Silver Keys. Crew saved, and proceeded to St. Thomas's.

The Saucy Jack has sent a valuable prize, loaded with coffee, into St. Mary's.

The enemy in the Chesapeake, by accounts, seem to be moving about as usual; and are said to threaten Norfolk again.

Accounts from Boston under date of Sept. says, that an express had just arrived, stating that the U. S. brig of war Enterprize, capt Burrows, had taken the British brig of war, Boxer, capt. Blyth, near Portland. Both commanders are said to have been killed, and between 40 and 50 killed and wounded on board the Boxer, and but 1 man killed and 7 wounded on board the Enterprize. It is said the action lasted 45 minutes.

On Monday evening a fire broke out in Leonard street, corner of Broadway, which spread through some wooden buildings to Catherine Lane, where it destroyed 14 or 15 light buildings, and reduced numerous poor families to great distress.

We are sorry to announce, that two Frigates and a sloop of War have come down Sound within about 20 miles of this city, off Maroneck, and have made many prizes of coasting, wood and market boats. Indeed it is said that their barges had been down to City Island about 16 miles from this city, and that on Tuesday they were seen in possession of about 30 sail of vessels, and that they had landed near Rye and taken off about 80 sheep. The inhabitants from Haerlem to Stamford are under arms, and a company of flying artillery have gone from this city to New-Rochelle: also the flotilla of gun boats, 30 in number, under commodore Lewis, passed thro' Hurl-gate on Thursday, to Sand's Point; where, after manoeuvring against a strong tide, they commenced firing at 2 and half miles distance. A frigate supposed to be the Acasta then drew out with the apparent intention of bringing the flotilla to close action; but which the gun boats were obliged to avoid, owing to the wind being too high to admit of fighting to advantage; and, after exchanging 20 or 30 shots, the flotilla came to anchor, and the frigate joined her consorts. The latest account of the enemy say that they have returned to the eastward.

To Correspondents.

"M" is received and will appear next week. It would have appeared this, but our poetical department was made up before it came to hand.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Brady, at St. George's Church, Dr. J. Spies to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of this city.

At Derby, by the rev. Mr. White, Mr. Samuel Marshall, merchant of this city, to Miss Sarah H. Lester, daughter of the late Dr. Lester.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Edward Thackmorton, merchant, to Miss Susan Maclaren of this city.

Obituary.

DIED,

In the 49th year of his age, Mr. Henry Verveelen, of the Custom-House.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ludlow, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Rosanna M'Laughlin, relict of the late Bernard M'Laughlin.

Mr. John Couglin.

In the 38th year of his age, Mr. Morris Patterson.

The City Inspector reports the death of 49 persons, for the last week, ending the 4th inst.

Seat of the Muses.

Communicated for the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WHEN erst the Graces sprang from Heaven,
To each a different charm was given,
For her peculiar sway;
Thalia with a bloom was born,
Which might abash the bloom of morn;
And such as you display.

Euphrosne had all the glee,
Which you dispense so merrily,
Whilst glides the festive hour:
The flow of wit you've at command,
(Which sure no mortal can withstand,)
All, All, that hear, devour.

Aglaia next with modest mein,
The pink of elegance is seen,
As when you splendid shine;
So now sweet maid, all must agree,
That every grace that form'd the Three,
By special gift is thine.

THE SWALLOWS.

[These Birds having commenced their migratory course, we select the following beautiful lines from an English publication, written on the occasion.]

FAREWELL, sweet visitants! once more adieu!
May gales propitious waft you to that shore,
Where blooming spring again shall smile for you,
And gladden nature with her boundless store!

To you, sweet birds! how blest a lot is giv'n!
When wintry clouds and chilling blasts are nigh;
Taught by the mercy of indulgent heav'n,
You shun the storm, and seek a milder sky.

But when shall *man*, when happiness is fled,
When hope is wither'd in misfortune's blast;
When black despair hangs hov'ring o'er his head,
And the gay summer of his joys is past,
Where shall he fly to heal the deadly sting,
Or where his tortur'd mind find out another Spring?

THE WREATH.

A BALMY wreath I wove,
Each flow'ret lent its aid,
Whose fragrance scents the grove,
Or blossoms in the shade.

The blushing rose was there,
Young cowslips bath'd in dew,
The modest lily fair,
And lowly violet blue.

The myrtle's glossy green,
Each wand'ring bud confin'd,
While jasmine peep'd between,
By hyacinths entwined.

Now, Cupid, hear my pray'r,
I go, my fate to brave;
The wreath bid Lucy wear,
Or let it deck my grave!

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

This beautiful and pathetic tale is certainly of Sterling merit.

DENY, but do not taunt a maid
Who never scorn with scorn repays;
Proud man, though now I ask your aid
Mine once, alas! were happier days.
But sorrow mark'd me for her own
Before I told my twentieth year;
Yet when my friends began to frown,
I but reproach'd them with—a tear.

I ne'er could frame the harsh reply,
The look unkind by feeling fear'd,
E'en when I met disdain's cold eye,
E'en when I cruel language heard.

I've seen my friend, my earliest friend,
Refuse my tale of woe to hear;
Yet still unwilling to offend,
All my remembrance—was a tear.

And I have known the slanderer's tongue
My fame with vile dishonour taint,
Yet on my lips no curses hung,
Tho' mournful, mild was complaint.
And I was forced by cruel power
To leave the scenes I held most dear:
Oh! 'twas indeed a trying hour!
Yet all my language was—a tear.

And I have known the youth I lov'd,
Retract the vows he swore to me,
Behold my pailid cheek unmov'd,
And smiling boast that he was free!
Yet I was calm—and (hour of dread!)
I saw him woo a maid more dear;
But I was mute, I only shed—
No—no! I could not shed a tear!

Ah! full was then my cup of grief;
Friends, fortune, lover, fame, all lost;
A beggar now I ask relief,
A small, a trifling boon at most.
Still can you chide me from your door?
Ah, no!—your looks compassion wear—
So large a gift!—Oh! words were poor—
I thank, I bless you in—a tear.

Anecdotes.

ON COURTESY.

"Oh! Courtesy, how wonderful is thy power. Thy gentle influence, stealing softly to the heart, smoothes every asperity, subdues each unkindly emotion, and by a gradual metamorphosis exchanges the gloom of sullenness into the smile of complacency."

THE pleasure arising from courtesy almost exceeds description. From our equals we may expect that portion of attention which we bestow on them. But when we are treated courteously by strangers, and by superiors, our breasts feel emotions of the sweetest kind. The pang of poverty is for awhile suspended by its witching power, and life rendered of greater value the more it is practised.

Every young man's conduct on his first entrance into life should be adorned with it; it is the means by which he may ascend to the summit of fame, and gain entrance into the temple of riches.

To every attainment it adds a charm, and though a man may be endowed with virtue, with sense, with integrity, with generosity, with quick perceptive powers, and with acute wit, yet if he is destitute of courtesy his character is unfinished, and the absence of this desirable quality throws a shade upon all his other amiable graces. Amongst the majority of mankind there is a spirit of folly, instead of dignity, which influences their conduct to each other; they imagine that by reserve and haughtiness they shall be more respected, and that complaisance would inevitably produce inattention and impertinence. Alas! how weak and ridiculous are those persons. The very conduct they practise to gain respect excites the bitterness of reproach, and gives rise to the violence of hostility.

To the general practice of courtesy must be ascribed the great success which many meet with in trade. The soldier by its influence is raised to eminence in his profession, and the prelate elevated to independence.—Worth and learning also are by these means sometimes led from their lowly habitations to grace that public situation in which, too frequently, vice and folly, through the corrupt suffrages of mankind, are placed.

Destitute of courtesy, the most splendid circles would be scarcely better than a tumultuous meeting of the lowest orders of society. The pleasures of neighbourhood are greatly heightened by its influence. Instead of that chilling reserve, and ill-natured demeanor, which are too often practised, how charming is it to behold fair courtesy prompting the morning's salutation, and the evening's adieu! At stated times, when gathered together by invitation, Oh! how felicitous a sight to see them sitting around the social board, enjoying converse, and imparting joy. Around the room, perhaps, their little ones are playing, or in the garden amusing themselves with their childish sports. Hence, oftentimes, are sown in the tender breast the first seeds of friendship, kindness, and knowledge; for frequently the elder children of cultivated parents take a pleasure in correcting the inaccuracies of expression, or of sentiment, that fall from younger lips.

(The remainder of this excellent essay next next.)

Morality.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

AN honest simple Irishman, a short time since, landed on one of the quays at Liverpool in search of harvest work: a fellow on the quay, thinking to quiz the poor stranger, asked him "How long, Pat, have you broke loose from your father's cabin? and how do the potatoes eat now?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a Shelelah in his hand, answered,— "O they eat very well, my jewel; would you like to taste the stalk?" and knocking the enquirer down, he coolly walked off.

There is a story in Carr's Northern Summer, of an Englishman travelling through Germany, who having presented himself at the gate of a German city, was desired, in the usual manner, to describe himself. "*Je suis*," said he, "*un Electeur de Middlesex*." The Germans, who hold the dignity of Elector as next in rank to that of King, and know little or nothing of the English titles and ranks, immediately opened their gates, and the guard turned out, and did him military honours.

A soldier being reproached by his commander for absenting himself from his corps, "Please your honour," said he, "I got into a wood, and could not find my way out." The fellow spoke true, he had been in the stocks!

A particular old gentleman, of the name of Hair, recently received a letter from one who did not know how to spell his name exactly, and directed the letter to Mr. Hare. The letter was returned by the former, as an insult, with the remark, "that he had seen too much of the world, to suffer himself to be made game of."

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